

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"GIVE"

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Give faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;

And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn,
You will gather in flowers again,
The scattered seeds from your thought out-borne
Though the sowing seemed in vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

PAAS EGGS

By Roe L. Hendrick.

"A girl," said my cousin, Jack Coleman, "can fuss round a hen till the cows come home; but she hasn't the scientific training to get eggs. If she does get 'em, it's just a fluke."

Jack had taken a course at Cornell in poultry husbandry, and he scoffed at rule-of-thumb methods of egg production.

Jennie Carter, who had come to see Aunt Drusilla about saving some preserved pears that had worked over, laughed merrily. "I sold fourteen dozen more than you did last year, Jack," she declared, "and had fewer pullets. Theories are all right, but facts are what count."

"You wait till I get my Barron stock," said Jack, "I will show you."

"I will attend to them when they come," Jennie retorted, with another laugh. "You are nothing but a book-made poultryman, Jack; it is not in your blood."

"I am going after those eggs myself tomorrow!" Jack said, catching him by the arm. "Jennie didn't take your eggs! Don't lose your temper and make an exhibition of yourself!"

"How many are you going to get?" I inquired.

"A hundred. Twenty cents apiece seems a lot to pay for eggs, but those are from pedigreed layers. Every one of them is guaranteed to be a two-hundred-egg hen or better. Once I get some pullets from those eggs, I will show Jennie what a flock can do."

Aunt Drusilla laughed softly, and I smiled. We more than suspected that Jack was fond of Jennie; but just then he was piqued. Jack is rather stiff-necked, not to say pig-headed, at times.

He took the early train the next morning. It was almost dark when he returned, bearing a pasteboard egg carrier as if it had been a sickly babe, and looking rather solemn.

"What do you think?" was his first remark. "All they'd let me have was three dozen! And I almost had to get down on my knees to Judson before he'd spare me that many. He's flooded with orders and is dividing 'em up *pro rata*."

He uncovered the eggs and permitted us to inspect but not to touch them. Then looked very much like ordinary white eggs.

"I'm going to set 'em right off!" he continued. "That little incubator is cleaned out, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "but I don't think there's any oil in it."

Jack hurried off with his eggs to the lower chicken house, down by the road. Aunt Drusilla warned him that supper was ready and that he would ruin his best suit, but he did not stop. Presently, however, when he reappeared with an oil can, she persuaded him to eat his supper before setting about his task. At the table he got interested in telling of his trip, and we lingered longer than usual, until Jack sprang up with a muttered exclamation and hurried from the room.

As I started for the barn, a few minutes later, I met Jack, frowning prodigiously.

"Now, see here," he exclaimed, "don't be funny! I haven't the time for any fooling to-night!"

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"My eggs! My Barron eggs! What have you done with them?"

"I haven't seen them since you carried them off to the incubator."

He flashed the light of his lantern into my face. What he saw there apparently satisfied him that I was telling the truth.

"By cracky," he cried, setting down the lantern, "they're gone!"

"Gone! Where did you put them?"

"Just inside the chicken house. The carrier and eggs are both gone!"

Together we began a fruitless search that lasted more than an hour. Then we went out to the road and looked for recent wheel marks, but found none that turned aside from the beaten track. While we were searching, Will Parsons came along, and Jack asked him if he had passed anyone.

"Not a soul," Will responded, and when Jack had explained the reason for the question he added, "That's tough luck. I was just talking with Jennie Carter, who was setting some Barron eggs, and she said they were awful expensive—cost more than they were worth, she was afraid."

"Barron eggs!" Jack looked puzzled. "Are you sure? She always scoffed at them."

"I'm no judge of eggs," said Will. "But I saw the word 'Barron' on the carrier."

"Hum!" said Jack. "Did you see the dealer's name?"

"Yes, but I don't remember it—nobody I ever heard of before,"

Jack watched Will pass on into the darkness. Then muttering something under his breath, he started up the road in the other direction.

"Where are you going?" I inquired.

He did not say in words that it was none of my business, but his manner clearly implied as much.

"Over to Carter's!" he snapped.

"Now, see here!" I exclaimed,

catching him by the arm. "Jennie didn't take your eggs! Don't lose your temper and make an exhibition of yourself!"

"I have perfect control of my temper," he assured me between his clenched teeth, "or I shouldn't let you grab hold of me in the way you're doing."

"What are you going to do?"

"If you've got to know," he almost shouted, "I'm going to make her present of those eggs! I'm going to give 'em to her formally, so she'll have a clear title to them. If I'd had any idea she wanted them so bad, I'd have given them to her before."

"You're going to make a fool of yourself," I told him, with cousinly frankness; "and—"

But at that point in the conversation he jerked his arm from my grasp and disappeared in the darkness. I went inside and told Aunt Drusilla all about it.

Jack was always headstrong, she said, with a sigh; "but Jennie ought not have taken his eggs. Practical joking is never in good taste, and it often leads to trouble."

"But you don't think Jennie Carter has taken his eggs!"

"Why?"—Aunt Drusilla hesitated,—"why, I'll tell you something I wouldn't tell Jack. I glanced out of the window while we were at supper and saw her passing the house with a bundle. I don't think she stole them, understand; probably she means to hatch the chicks and slip them into the henhouse, or something of the kind; but she ought to know Jack better. He'll be mortally offended and will say something hasty; then her temper will flash, and they'll quarrel."

In half an hour Jack came home and went straight to bed. Not a word more did he say about his missing eggs; but the next day he selected the best from his own stock and filled the incubator.

Thus the incident seemingly was closed; but Jennie no longer came over to our house—she used to come almost every day—and Jack no longer went to the Carters. More than a week passed before I met Jennie coming from the post office.

"Have you and Jack quarreled, Jennie?" I asked, without any preliminary form of greeting.

"Why, no!" she replied instantly.

"Whatever gave you such an idea as that? He's been making me a valuable present." Her lip curled perceptibly as she spoke.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

"Jennie," said I, "what make you take these eggs? You should have known what would happen."

"So you think me a thief, too?" She cried, flushing.

"No, no, no! Nobody thinks you're a thief! But sometimes, you know, a joke doesn't work out precisely as it was planned."

"I wish," said Jennie, biting her lip, "that I'd changed 'em, as I was tempted to do, just to see what would happen. Things couldn't have been any worse than they are now. Because I walked to the chicken-house door and lifted the cover of that carrier, everyone thinks that I took them."

"I didn't even know that you went to the chicken-house door," I told her, "but I knew that you passed the house. Did you tell Jack that you didn't take them?"

"No, I didn't; he was quite too toploftical. But what could have become of his eggs?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I can't even guess. But I'm going to tell him what you've just told me."

"Don't bother!" Jennie exclaimed. "He wouldn't believe it!"

I had a talk with Jack that evening, but he remained unconvinced.

"Those eggs didn't evaporate," he declared; "and nobody else went by the house while we were at supper."

"Did you see Jennie go by?"

"Yes; and I heard her say that she'd take care of them when they came, too. You remember that, don't you?"

"Yes; but she merely meant that her own eggs would produce as good or better pullets. Somebody else is concerned in this matter, Jack."

"I've tried to think so," said he; "but there are only five flocks of straight white leghorns in this whole neighborhood. I've been the rounds, and I'm certain that nobody else has got my eggs—they're not that kind of people, anyhow."

"But is Jennie?"

Jack flushed. "Why," he stammered, "why, of course, she wouldn't steal anything; but she was bound to keep ahead at me—and those eggs are gone!"

It was a puzzling situation; I had to admit it myself. Spring passed and summer came. Through Mrs. Carter, Aunt Drusilla heard that Jennie's hens were not laying so well as they had the season before, whereas Jack's, owing, as he believed, to a new balanced ration that he had selected, were doing better than they ever had done. Undoubtedly he was now well in the lead, but his success appeared to give him no satisfaction. Of course, the real test would come when the young chicks grew into pullets and began to lay in the late fall or winter. Jack's chicks looked very promising, even though they were not from the famous English strain.

"You'll find just three dozen," the small girl continued in a business-like way. Eggs is worth fifty cents a dozen now, and they wasn't worth thirty-five then; but I felt you ought to have the full count."

Jack gasped "So you took my eggs last Spring?" he finally said in a choked voice. Over the child's head I was signaling to him with both hands to keep his temper, but my warning was needless.

"No," she assured him. "I didn't, but one of my folks borried them. I'll tell you how it was. Our henhouse burned up last fall when the woods caught fire, and we didn't have no chickens. Come Paas, granny was takin' on somethin' awful, 'cause we didn't have no eggs, and we've always had Paas eggs ever sense she could remember, so Jeff—or mebby it was Joe—went out and borried them."

Jack's face was a study, but it showed vastly more relief than anger.

"Paas eggs?" he said, with the rising inflection, looking from Sally to me.

"Yes; eggs for Paas—everybody eats 'em then, don't they?" the child asked impatiently.

"Easter," I explained, "Paas is old New York Dutch for Easter—eating eggs then is all the anniversary means to—some people."

"I see," said Jack musingly. "Yes; but how did you get these eggs, little girl?"

"Why, I picked berries last summer, and I bought five hens with the money. They're laying fine—sometimes I get three eggs a day. Granny said you didn't need the eggs; but I sneaked 'em one or two at a time and hid 'em under the fence; and I thought mebby you'd want the box, too."

"Your grandma was right, child," said Jack very gently; "I don't need them now. You take them back."

"No," she replied, shaking her head firmly; "they was borried and ought to be returned."

"Well," said Jack, "maybe you've got the right idea on that point; but we cannot overlook the difference in price. Fifteen cents on a dozen comes to forty-five cents for three dozen." He gravely extracted a quarter and two dimes from his pocket and handed the money to her.

Sally walked briskly away, jingling the silver in her hand. When I turned to Jack, he had dumped his parcels upon the porch floor and was struggling to remove his overalls.

When the distressing news of his acceptance of the "call" to a new field was spread around, alarm was

perceptible as she spoke.

"Going over to Carter's?" I in-

sisted of two families, the Van Horns and the Brundages; or rather, of one family under two names, for generations of intermarriage had made them all relatives. Originally Dutch, they had a considerable strain of Indian blood, which showed itself markedly in some individuals; and they were idle, shiftless, ignorant, a constant drain on the poor fund of the township, and regarded with scorn by even the least prosperous of their neighbors. I wondered what business this little offshoot of the unhappy tribe could have with Jack; and then, thinking of her straightforward glance, an idea popped into my head that made me straighten up and stare hard at her; but as we were almost home, I said nothing.

quired, suppressing a grin with instant success.

"You ought to have been an old maid!" was my cousin's retort; but he returned the grin with interest.

The next morning he told Aunt Drusilla and me that Jennie had twenty-seven Barron fowls. She secretly obtained three dozen eggs from Judson by parcel post, in order to surprise Jack, and they had hatched remarkably well.

"How did you square yourself?"

I asked, glancing furtively at Aunt Drusilla. "Did you give her your new balanced-ration formula?"

"Yes" Jack answered, "but that wasn't really what did the business. It was my apology. I'd been thinking it up for the last six months and it was a dandy!"

"It needed to be," remarked Aunt Drusilla.—*Youth's Companion*.

PITTSBURGH.

As reported in a previous letter, Rev. Franklin C. Smielau accepted the election to the Mid-West diocese, vacated by the death, last September, of Rev. C. W. Charles.

He takes up his new field on April 1st.

When the announcement was made, it was received with keen

regret, not only by those of his

faith, but by all who are familiar

with the noble work he has accom-

plished.

In his quiet, unobtrusive

way, he has labored in this State for

over a quarter of a century.

In order to bid him godspeed, a reception

was given him at Trinity Parish, the

evening of March 25th.

There was a large gathering, an indica-

tion of the high esteem in which he is held.

A number of hearing people, who

were more or less intimately asso-

ciated with the deaf, were present.

Speeches lauding our departing

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1927

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-bounding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Canadian News

TORONTO TIDINGS

The girl members of our Canadian Girls in Training Society took up a collection among themselves recently, and presented the same to Miss Dorothy Byrne as a token of love and sympathy for her in her present state. Such a gift touched Miss Byrne's heart beyond expression.

In the summer of 1901, Samuel Pugsley, who had just come from his parental home in Selkirk, Ont., met a visiting young damsel from Lafayette, West Virginia, and soon a friendship sprang up between the two, and on March 26, 1902, they took the Hymenal oath as one. On the 26th of March last, Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley (*nee* Minnie M. Huddleston) were warmly congratulated on attaining the twenty-fifth milestone in their matrimonial path, and all hope they will attain many more stepping stones in this path ere they come to his parting of their ways.

Mr. Harry E. Grooms treated all who went to church, on March 27th, to a splendid sermon on the transgressions of our sins, stating that whenever we transgress on one another, we are also transgressing on God. Mrs. Alex. B. McCaul pleasingly rendered "Glory Ever 3e to Jesus."

In the issue of March 24th, a little mistake was unavoidably put in, regarding the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, of Montreal. It should read as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Sherman R. Fletcher, of Montreal, were called to La Salle, N. Y., by the death of the former's mother, and they accompanied the body to New Market, Ont., for burial alongside the grave of her late husband, who died several years ago. After the funeral, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and family visited Mrs. Fletcher's mother and sisters, Mrs. Alice Wheeler and the Misses Wheeler here, for a few days before going back to Montreal.

When not on duty at the post-office, Mr. W. W. Scott has been putting in his spare time giving their home a fresh coat of paint and otherwise renovating the interior. Their beautiful home on Waverley Road now looks natty and homelike.

Mr. Fred Terrell can now tell you it is better to take your time when in a hurry, for only the other day he had a very close call when hurrying to catch a street car on Queen Street. In doing so, he slipped on the icy roadway and fell with such a thud on his back as to render him unconscious for a while. However, when picked up he was able to go home unassisted, but was obliged to remain at home for a week to nurse a sore back and other minor injuries. We are pleased to say he is now all right.

Mr. George Elliott, of Brantford, was home to see his wife in Long Branch for the week-end of March 26th, and the two spent Sunday renewing old friendships here. George says he prefers his old job here to that in the "Telephone City."

Mr. Charles Ford did not hold his job at London, so returned here again. He is now with his family at Haliburton at time of writing.

The deaf who belong to St. Francis De Sales Society, are very fortunate in having in their ranks two young Seminarians who come from St. Augustine Seminary. They are so deeply interested in the welfare of their deaf associates, though not deaf themselves, that they are now learning the use of our own language in order to be able to address their regular meetings in the signs. The Catholic deaf are very grateful to these two for the unfaltering interest they manifest in their deaf brethren.

Miss Annie Perry became eighty-nine years old on March 28th, and to mark the occasion, a few of her friends gathered at her home and showered her with congratulations and gifts. Our church members sent her a large basket of fruit. Miss Perry is probably the oldest deaf spinster in Canada.

"The greatest tug-of-war man

flesh and the Spirit, and has been the struggle ever since the creation of Man." Thus was the theme of Mr. Frank Harris' address at our Epworth League, on March 30th.

The Brigden Club's coffers were considerably enriched on March 26th, when a very large crowd turned up to see Mr. John T. Shilton, B. A., give one of the best lectures we have seen him give in a long time. Members were admitted free, but a nominal fee was charged to all non-members. The Brigden-Nasmith Hall was comfortably filled and Mr. Shilton was at his best. In fact, he gave his address in a way most pleasing to all. His subject was on Jules Verne and his trip around the world in eighty days, giving minute details of his wonderful courage, endurance, skill and self-possession in his world-girdling trip and of the hardships misfortunes he met. The speaker was given the most rapt attention and was not only applauded frequently, but heartily thanked at the close.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS

Miss Iva Hughes and Mr. Chas. A. Ryan attended the party St. Thomas, on March 19th, and report a great time.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fishbein, of London, were calling on friends here on March 27th. They motored down.

Mr. John Walton has had his return ticket to the West refunded and will remain here for some time. He has not got a job yet.

Mr. Alge Perry, of Norwich was visiting his brother, Archie, and old friends here on March 24th, returning home next day.

So delighted was Miss Iva Hughes with the JOURNAL that she sent in her renewal to Mr. H. W. Roberts at Toronto for transmission to New York.

Miss Jennie Broom accompanied her nephew on a motor trip to Brantford, on March 27th, to visit her sister. They returned home the same evening.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

We were so delighted to hear from our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Riley, of Victoria, B. C., who declare they find great pleasure in reading the JOURNAL, especially since their last visit here when they made many friends, and are anxious to repeat, as they always have a good time here. Their daughter and only child is at the top of her class at school.

Miss Sylvia Caswell and Miss Helen A. Middleton, of Niagara Falls, went out to visit some of the former's relatives at Niagara on the Lake on March 26th. Miss Caswell returned to the Falls next evening, but Miss Middleton remained there for a couple of weeks.

The father of the Misses Laura and Catherine Gudhope, of Orillia, Mr. James B. Gudhope, was signally honored by the citizens of that town, who presented him with an oil painted portrait of himself, on March 26th, in recognition of his twenty-five years service as Hydro Commissioner of that town. Mr. Gudhope was formerly member of the Provincial Parliament.

Mr. John Taylor, of Singhampton, was in Collingwood recently on business. Jack has been very busy lately in his harness and shoe repairing shop, and many people have been buying cedar posts from the large bush on his farm. Wake up, ye maidens, and ask Cupid for information.

Our old friend, Mr. Willie Kay, is doing very well at Stevens Point, Wis. Though totally deaf and blind, he is able to glean the news of his old friends over in Canada. He is now sixty-eight years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paul, of St. Thomas, gave a very enjoyable party to their deaf friends on March 19th. This happy event will long be remembered by those who took part in it. Commencing at three in the afternoon, it went merrily on until midnight, with a hearty supper at six and a midnight feast. All sorts of games were on the carpet, with valuable prizes in the offing. Besides the deaf of St. Thomas, who turned out in force, the following came from afar: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Beckett, of Detroit. Miss Mary Hodges and Mr. Lionel Windsor. Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher and three children, of London; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Taylor and Mr. Jess Botstone, of Hamilton; Mr. Charles A. Ryan and Miss Iva Hughes, of Woodstock. All the outsiders remained in St. Thomas overnight, except the Cowans, and then left for London to attend the service Sunday afternoon, which Mr. A. H. Jaffray, of Toronto, conducted. Of course, the Detroit-Windsor bunch went straight home from St. Thomas on Sunday.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

REV. FRANKLIN C. SMIELAU, for a quarter of a century in charge of the Episcopal mission field among the deaf of Western Pennsylvania, has transferred his activities to Ohio, with Cleveland as a central point. He succeeds to the field left vacant by the death of Rev. Mr. Charles. Just what particular area is comprised within the boundaries of his work we cannot definitely state, but we believe that besides Ohio, it embraces part of Indiana and Michigan.

This great good luck for Ohio, as Mr. Smielau is a man of great energy and capability. He has accomplished much for the temporal, as well as spiritual, welfare of the deaf of the Keystone State. He has demonstrated the possession of remarkable qualifications as an organizer and indomitable persistence in getting what he goes after.

His successor in western Pennsylvania will be Rev. Henry J. Pulver, of Washington, D. C.

SERVICES every Sunday at 3 o'clock in the church on South 9th Street, between Driggs Avenue and Roebling Street, Brooklyn. The church is located near the Plaza of the Williamsburg Bridge.

Meeting of the class at the Parish House of St. Matthew's Church on 145th and Convent Avenue, every Friday night from 6:30 to 8 P.M. Assembly room on the third floor of Parish House.

"The greatest tug-of-war man

has ever known is that between the

floor of Parish House.

The speakers, as summoned by the Toastmaster, Esther Forsman, '27, were Lillian McFarland, '27, who searched "Beneath the Surface"; Marie Parker, '28, who

had

Gallaudet College

Ninety-six mouths smacked as they prepared to sample the seventeenth annual banquet of Gallaudet College Athletic Association, which was held on the evening of April 1st. Never before was the menu so alluring and substantial. Ninety-six men of good build and healthy appetites came, ate and sat back contentedly, after stowing away under their belts the following:

Grapefruit	
Celery	Olivs
Fried Chicken, Southern Style	Brown Gravy
Mashed Potatoes	Green Peas
Bird Nest Salad	Mayonnaise
Harlequin Cream	
Salted Peanuts	
Chocolate Filigrees	
Coffee	

After the Preps had systematically disposed of the empty dishes, which were in the majority licked clean, the banqueters turned their attention to the lighter side of the banquet. Edward J. Szopa, '27, toasting master *ex officio*, acquitted himself in fine style and put the students in extreme good humor by means of an amusing Aesop's fable, that of the lion's share, and said he hoped we all had the lion's share of the banquet. He thanked the Preparatory Class for its splendid co-operation with the rest of the college in athletics and said a touching farewell to the Seniors, who were never to play again as college students.

Casper B. Jacobson, '27, the 1926 football manager, was then prevailed upon to rise and elucidate the "Affirmative and Negative Sides of Athletics." Walter J. Krug, '27, noted for his scathing denunciations of the custom of making fools out of ourselves on April 1st, declared that the subject of his speech, "Razzing," was in reality the great national sport instead of football or baseball. Day and night, or the diamond or in the lecture-room, razzing goes on unabated, so says the Head Senior, who retired with the thunderous applause of ninety-six pairs of hands in his ears. Nevertheless, "Walt" is in sore need of considerable razzing because he did not razz us enough.

Mr. Roy J. Stewart, '99, the successor of Dr. J. B. Hotchkiss as the "daddy" of all recruit players in all branches of sport, gave a good after-dinner speech on "Sports," and afterwards presented basketball "G's" to Captain Charles Miller, '28, and Manager William Johnson, '28. This was an unique state of condition as the entire varsity squad, with the sole exception of Captain Miller, were denied their letters for they were all Preps, who were as follows, Dyer, Cosgrove, Cain, Yoder and Hokanson. Acquiescing to popular acclaim, President Percival Hall arose and declared that the athletic association had the Faculty's warm support in all its activities.

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HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

The Seniors won handily, garnering 793/4 points, 47 1/2 of which were made by the versatile athlete, Mary Kannapell. The Juniors came next with 37 points to their credit. The prizes for individual scoring as decided upon by the judges, Dr. Percival Hall, Miss Edith Nelson, and Mr. Irving S. Fusfeld, were awarded to Mary Kannapell, '27, Alice McVan, '28, and Estelle Caldwell, S. S., in the order named. The events were as follows:

1. Indian Clubs—L. DuBoise
2. Swedish—M. Kannapell
3. Wands—F. Newton
4. Dumb-bells—E. Caldwell
5. Parallel Bars—E. Caldwell
- (a) Side
- (b) 2 girls together
6. Window Ladder—Seniors lead
7. High Boom—A. McVan
8. Horse—M. DuBoise
- (a) center
- (b) side
9. High Ladder—A. McVan
- (a) travel
- (b) turn
- (c) 2 girls
10. Ropes—M. Kannapell
11. Running Board Jump—M. Parker
12. Dutch Dance"

This seems to be a season of banquets "and nothing else but." March 26th, the eleventh banquet of the Gallaudet College Women's Athletic Association was held in the Young Women's Refectory. The menu consisted of:

Cream of Tomato soup Saltines

Olives Celery Pickles Veal Croquettes

Mashed Potatoes Peas a la Timba

French Rolls

Fruit Salad Mayonnaise

Salted Nuts Mints

Harlequin Cream

Cafe Noir

Elucidated "How Weak is the Weaker Sex?" Miss Elizabeth Peet spoke on "Laurel Wreaths."

Mrs. E. F. Crane Director of Co-Ed

Athletics, awarded the Basketball

letters to the following Co-eds who

justly deserve them: M. Kannapell,

F. Newton, L. DuBoise, and E.

Lawson. An honorary "G" was

also bestowed upon M. Parker, the

Manager. Honorable mention was

made of M. Egle, and J. Beseley.

Dr. Percival Hall then presented

the badges to the winners of the

prizes, collective and individual,

at the 1st door Meet, which was held a

week before.

Owing to inclement weather, the

scheduled baseball game with Blue

Ridge College in New Windsor, Md.,

was cancelled, to everybody's

keen disappointment. A similar

date was the lot of the game with

CHICAGO.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., March 29.—C. H. Jenkins resigned as director of the State Department of Public Welfare today to re-enter private law practice.

Some seventy souls attended the tenth wedding anniversary party of the Isadore Newmans, at the Sac, March 26th. (The Newmans were married ten years ago last June.) Each guest shelled out fifty for a gift, and \$25 was presented the Newmans. Committee in charge consisted of Mesdames Joe Miller, S. Frankfort, M. Woodruff and E. Craig.

For the first time, the Methodist Episcopal flock will celebrate Easter service in the magnificent Temple, the only church in the loop, when Rev. P. J. Hasenstab delivers his sermon at 3 p.m., April 17th. Songs by vested choir, Rev. Constance H. Elmes will interpret for hearing people. Everybody welcome. This temple is on the site of the old M. E. gathering place, demolished five years ago.

King Arthur of the Round Table smileth again. No longer with furrowed brow he swingeth Excalibur at mine head—mine, Merlin the Wizard. No longer must I tremble in the presence of our leige lord, the Grand Mogul of the Nads, like a schoolboy caught raiding the jam closet. Cause why? Cause King Arthur's Queen Guinevere hath returned to hold court at 256 East 59th Street. (Oh, you dumkopf, if you don't understand the Queen's English, I'll have to phrase it in plain American, thusly: Mrs. Arthur L. Roberts has returned from several months' visit with her mother in Cleveland, and the Nad president is eating regular again. Sayev? I do wish you folks would brush up a bit on your Chaucer and Tennyson.)

Mrs. Beals, one of the two deaf ladies reported struck by a vampire auto, February 6th, has lost the sight of one eye as a result. The other deaf lady, Mrs. Barr, seems to have recovered. Reports that an auto hit them were wrong, for reliable rumors have it passengers on the front platform of a trolley that rain-swept night heard the motorman groan: "My Gawd, I've just hit two women."

Ten good friends gave a surprise birthday party, March twelfth, to Mrs. Louise Rutherford, at the home of the Roy Lowes. Her birthday falling on St. Patrick's Day, the decorations predominated with St. Patrick impedimenta—green and gold; and as the piece de resistance, presented the charming lady with \$10 in gold. Present were the R. Lowes, A. Mckennahans, L. Hagemeyers, R. Sulskis, and John Miller and Charles Friday.

The Louis Ruskins gave a select social party at their home, March 19th, among the guests being the G. Spragues, F. Wirts, E. Hills, S. Kuflewsks, F. Nihleans and H. Libbey, also Miss Alexia Ferguson, Valdo Bardeen and Robert Blair. Mrs. Blair was unable to attend, owing to illness. Bunco and 500 were played, every guest receiving a prize.

First departure for Denver: Mrs. Jennie Gallagher, the middle of March. But not aboard "Gib's Special." Her husband—who died some ten years ago—was one of the most famous and gifted writers in deafdom, and the stately, silver-haired widow carries herself like the aristocrat and thoroughbred she is. Of late years her many local admirers have seen little of her, owing to a bad foot—it has been either broken or badly sprained several times.

An endowment fund of \$50 will be started on April 9th, by the deaf in their M. E. "citadel," 108 West Lake Street. Nice supper from 5 to 7; good speakers from 7:30 to 9, games from 9 to 11, for prizes. Charles Sharpnack in charge of the committee, serving with Franklin Martin and wife, Edward Stafford and Mrs. Fred. As the first social event of a worthy cause, you might do well to drop in—even if only for the feed, then proceed to one of the other social affairs, at will.

That same night the Chi-Oral-106 men will stage a riot at Lake Shore Hall, on the corner of Broadway and Belmont. "Opposite Sex party," it is called—yes, you guessed it, boys will dress as girls, and girls will garb as boys. Prizes will be awarded—perhaps you may get one. Robert Blair is chairman.

A third date that night is the Pas-a-Pas Club bunco and 500, at club quarters, 81 W. Van Buren Street.

Robey Burns came up for the weekend at St. Patrick's time, as usual full of enthusiastic tidings anent his athletic protégés. His football team will come up to play in Joliet, a suburb, next fall, instead of in Chicago. His basketball team lost out in the finals of the Jacksonville section in the scramble for the State high-school championship, but he opines he will have a stronger squad next year. He states W. S. Camp, for some fifteen or twenty years the printing instructor at the school, has left to make permanent residence in Los Angeles. The

MARYLAND

AT LAST, AT LAST. I'll tell the world it was some good news we heard a few days ago. The restrictions imposed upon the deaf auto owners of Maryland have been removed. The following extract from the *Maryland Bulletin* explains in full.

RESTRICTIONS CONCERNING DEAF DRIVERS REMOVED.

The deaf of Maryland have at last demonstrated to the State Automobile Commissioner Col. E. Austin Baughman, that they are thoroughly competent to operate motor vehicles.

For several years the deaf of the State were not permitted even to demonstrate their ability to drive, deafness in itself being considered a sufficient handicap to deprive them of the privilege. One year ago we secured certain concessions with the understanding that if conditions so warranted, other restrictions would be removed. Two of the regulations were particularly objectionable to the deaf namely the one requiring that a deaf driver must at all times be accompanied on the driver's seat by a hearing person; the other that permits to drivers were limited to within the boundary lines of the State of Maryland.

As a result of several recent conferences, an amended set of regulations went into effect on March 15th, 1927.

For all deaf drivers who hold permits dated prior on March 15th, the regulation concerning a hearing companion will be eliminated and reciprocity will be granted to deaf drivers in all States where no conflicting regulations exist.

For the present all applicants who shall secure permits to drive subsequent to March 15th will be required to adhere to the original resolution covering a hearing companion for a probationary period of six months.

We have recently received communication from Messrs. Hugh Miller of North Carolina, and H. S. Austin, of Florida, relative to automobile legislation pending in their respective States. These gentlemen will be glad to know that after a most rigid probationary period the Automobile Commissioner of our State has deemed it advisable to grant to the deaf permits on practically an equal footing with the hearing.

We cannot express in words our appreciation to Supt. Ignatius Bjorlee of the Maryland School for the Deaf for his long and tireless effort which resulted in overcoming Commissioner Baughman's prejudice against the deaf drivers. At the reunion held in Frederick last summer, Mr. Bjorlee has always proved himself a real friend of the deaf. He is popular and well liked in this State. Next fall will mark his tenth year as Superintendent of the Maryland School. His work at the school has been steadily progressive and of a building nature.

Before coming to Frederick, Bjorlee was a Normal Fellow at Gallaudet and later a teacher at the Fanwood School, at New York, for about ten years.

Baltimore Division No 47, N. F. S. D., under the able direction of Bros. Duval, Dilworth, Demarco and Elliott, held its annual Roast Beef Social on Saturday, March 19th. In spite of a heavy rain the affair was quite a success financially and otherwise.

Bro. Feast informed the writer of a big event coming off on April 16th, at the Morning Star Hall, 1104 W. Baltimore Street. A big surprise is in store for all. No admission will be charged. Particulars will be announced later.

The Silent Oriole Club, of Baltimore is now located at 516 North Eutaw St. This club has a membership of about thirty lively young fellows. President Michael Weinstein requested the writer to extend to all out-of-town visitors a most cordial invitation to visit the club on any evening of the week except Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Competing in the Playground Athletic League, the Baltimore Silent Five, managed by Mr. Abe Omskansky, finished second with ten victories against four defeats, just two games behind the league winners.

The following players comprise the team: Rozelle McCall, William Smith, Harry Friedman and Joseph Pfeifer, forwards; Abe Stein, center; Frank Weitzel and J. Feil-der guards.

The School for Colored Deaf and Blind at Overlea, Md., was recently visited by a fire of unknown origin while the pupils were at supper.

Much damage was done to the girls' wing—but thanks to the quick work

of Principal Stegmetz and his assi-

stants, all the pupils were quickly and safely marched out. Immediate repair work necessitated closing up of the school till further notice.

Old timers will readily recall the many ring battles of "Dummy" Ketchel, our own Mr. James Kuhn.

Several years ago he hung up his gloves after an accident, which almost crippled him for life. Since quitting the ring, he has been employed as a night watchman. Only recently he received recognition for routing an attempted robbery.

About a week ago, the writer had an interview with Mr. Kuhn and learned that he has been training

for several months in preparation for a fistic comeback. His next

opponent has not yet been made known. Wonder if he will be Gene Tunney?

Last week a deaf wit popped this one at me:—

"Who do you think is now in the Maryland General Hospital?"

I mentioned a score of deaf friends

only to find that I had "bit" for the wit answered, "Many sick people."

Gosh darn! I didn't know he was asking riddles. Then I thought I'd go him one better with: "Did you hear the story of the white shirt?"

OHIO.

Mrs. Walter Wark was called to Cincinnati last week, owing to the serious illness of her brother-in-law, Mr. Bert Wortman, whose health has been poor for some time. Mrs. Wark reported him as much better, and Mr. and Mrs. Wortman are to leave early in May for Florida, where Mrs. Wortman's sisters now are.

Mr. A. B. Greener left for Toledo for a week-end visit with his daughter, Mrs. J. K. Sherman and family, who a short time ago moved there from Fort Wayne, Indiana. He also will visit with his son-in-law, Mr. Walter Kridler, and his children.

The St. Patrick Social, given by the Dayton Branch, No. 8, N. F. S. D., was a success financially as well as socially. Something like \$130 was realized. The attendance neared the 200 mark Columbus, Cincinnati, Piqua, Springfield and neighboring towns were represented by one to a dozen visitors each. The Piqua Aid Society took over several boxes of fine candy, which had been left on their hands after their last social, and auctioned off the candy and then divided the proceeds with Division No. 8.

There must be a strong attraction for Buckeyes over in California, Mr. J. R. Rhanney, of Dayton, has decided to take his family over to Los Angeles this spring, and settle there. He now has his home listed "for sale," and is selling off his furniture. He hopes to be able to kick off Ohio mud by the first of May, but the exact date of departure depends upon the return of Miss Hammar from Germany, as Miss Helen Rhanney has charge of Miss Hammar's beauty shoppe. Upon the latter's return, she will accompany the Rhanney family to the Pacific Coast and open up a beauty shoppe there.

Mrs. Henry Mundary (Clara Runck), who underwent an operation for goitre, March 22d, at the Miami Valley Hospital in Dayton, is reported to be getting along nicely now. The attending physician found the operation far more serious than was expected, as the goitre had taken deep root and the removal left the patient in a very critical condition for three days. Mrs. Mundary's friend in Dayton and elsewhere wish her a speedy recovery to her former good home.

The town of Osseo, Minnesota, came into the limelight a short time ago as possible gold field, because in the crop of a chicken were found pieces of gold.

According to the *Minneapolis Companion* it was all on account of the husband of a former Ohio girl, Fannie Kells. It seems her husband, Mr. Leo Wolter, had been eating spare ribs after butchering some hogs and the process of eating loosened some gold fillings in his teeth. (Tough hogs out in Minnesota, surely!) Not wishing to swallow the gold, he spit them out in the yard and a hen, mistaking them for corn, gobbled up, only to lose her head. So the papers got the story that gold was plentiful enough there at Osseo as some had been found in a hen's crop.

Bright sayings of the deaf: Wells Leitner, Baltimore, (age 5, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. George Leitner) "Grandma, it is raining. I think God is washing the roof for you, because you cannot reach that high."

THE WRIEDES.

SEATTLE

Prof. and Mrs. W. S. Hunter had the Wrights at their hospitable home overnight. Comfortably seated in the davenport before a big fireplace, we enjoyed the view of the big Columbia River from the living room windows, and when it is clear, snow-capped Mt. Hood shows plainly. Mrs. Hunter prepared a fine dinner.

While in Longview, a city of 10,000 population, only three years old, Mr. Belsler piloted the Wrights around and far out to the immense saw mills. Everything is new and clean, with the broad streets indicating an ideal city. Worth an hour's visit.

In Kelso, the party stopped at Mr. Belsler's brother, who has an attractive wife and two bright, and winsome little girls, seven and nine years old. It is the place where Larry frequently makes himself at home. A couple weeks ago, he and his bride motored to Portland, to see the latter's five-year old son, by a former marriage.

Mrs. Belsler's mother is taking care of him and his younger sister. The little children will come to Seattle for good next May.

Lanier Palmer was at the P. S. A. D. meeting, Saturday, March 12th. The saw mill where he worked for a year in Aberdeen closed down, because of the trouble they had with a bank, but Lanier secured another place immediately, when he applied for it at the Snoqualmie Mill. He used to be an employee there before he went to the Gray's Harbor country.

Mrs. Violet Gillis, of Vancouver, Wash., is visiting her mother in Kentucky, about fifteen miles from here.

Alfred Waugh has been clearing Chas Gumaer's land of stumps at his home near Richmond Highlands.

For the past month or so, Claude Ziegler has been working for Dr. Winkel, who operated on Mrs. Ziegler's goitre last May.

Mrs. Lawrence Belsler is coloring the pictures for Jacob's studio, where her husband has been employed for the past three years.

MARCUS L. KENNER

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Thursday, March 31st, everyone connected with the Ohio School felt happy when news reached us that the bill to transfer the Schools for the Deaf and for the Blind to the Educational Department of the State was passed by the House. As this bill sometime ago was passed by the Senate, it now needs only the Governor's signature to make it a law. We all feel sure the governor approves of the change.

E.

DETROIT.

Plans are under way to tender Rev. Mr. Smielau a cordial welcome to his new field of labor in Detroit, Friday evening, April 8th. All members of the Epiphatha Episcopal Mission and the Guild should attend this welcome. We feel safe in saying Rev. Smielau will do everything to make the Mission here stronger.

April 9th, Rev. Mr. Smielau will give a short talk at the Detroit Fraternal club and meet old friends and make new ones. April 10th, he will visit with his first service at St. John's at 11 A.M. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

A pleasant surprise birthday party was sprung upon Mrs. John Rutherford at her Antoinette home, last Wednesday afternoon, March 23d. About twenty happy girls gathered around a most bounteous spread and every one enjoyed the afternoon and evening.

The D. A. D. showed some good reels of movies on the 26th. By popular request they were repeated on Sunday evening. Mr. Worley managed both affairs with good crowds.

Mrs. Bertha Miller and her sister, Miss Irene Johnson of Anniston, Alabama, are among the new faces we met at the C. A. A. They have been in Detroit a year, but just started getting acquainted with Detroiters.

Mrs. and Mrs. Ernest Leach, Mrs. Helen Mottard and Lavern Misener, of Flint, were callers here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tremaine, with Mrs. Keye Beechum as their guest, motored over to Toledo on the 17th, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hemick.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meck recently entertained friends at their comfortable home on Millen Ave. They expect shortly to move into larger rooms, as Mr. Meck's mother will make her home with them this coming summer. She now lives in Wisconsin.

According to reports, there are four of Detroit's prominent deaf people whose birthday falls on March 23d—namely, Mr. H. B. Waters, Mrs. John Rutherford, Mrs. Mary Engel, and the last we could not recall.

The Detroit Fraternal Club has adorned its walls with three good pictures of the N. F. S. D. conventions,—namely, Philadelphia, Atlanta, and St. Paul.

Mr. Gottlieb, our popular photographer, donated a frame for one and fixed and cleaned the other "Thanks". A good picture of the "First Five" is to follow soon. A large picture of all members of Division No. 2 can be seen at the at the D. A. D. Hall.

A pleasant surprise birthday party was tendered to Mr. Floyd Stegner at his pleasant home on Welland Avenue recently. About fifteen friends were present.

Mrs. Hazel Burgess Neal passed away after a short illness, at her home in Akron, Mich., late in January. Besides her husband Floyd, and a twelve-year-old son, she left an infant daughter to mourn and miss her care. She attended the Flint school for a short time and made many friends, who extend their sympathy to the bereaved husband and son.

The Literary Social at the Frat Club drew a big crowd, who were well rewarded by an interesting evening. Mr. Buxton gave a thrilling Indian story. Mr. Buby, and Mr. A. Tremain funny ones. The Dialogue by the Mays, and Mr. Drake made 'em roar. "Yankee Doodle," by Mr. Waters, spelled Finis.

General Winfield Scott, aged 62, passed away on March 26th, from pneumonia at the home of his daughter.

At the business meeting of the Detroit Chapter of the M. A. D. it was decided to form an auto owners association, with a meeting on April 3d, to see what can be done to help the deaf to get drivers' licenses.

When Mrs. M. Engel asked the ladies of the Guild to meet at her home on the 23d, to make plans for the coming bazaar, little did she dream that they had been planning on coming to help her celebrate another milestone of life. A bountiful supper was served to the twenty-six guests present. Some lovely gifts were left to remind her of the occasion.

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November 19, 1927

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N. F. S. D.

(Particulars later.)

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N. F. S. D.

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National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

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NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, first Monday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New York.

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If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert Lazar, 644 Riverside Drive, New York City.

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Admission - - - 25c

More particulars later

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MARDI GRAS

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AT

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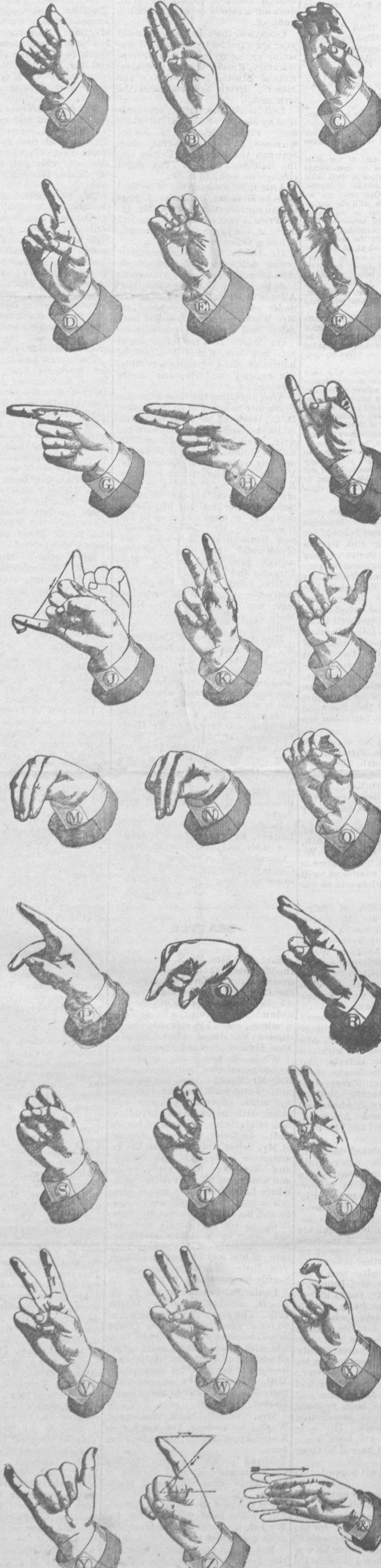
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N. F. S. D.

Saturday, July 23, 1927

(Particulars later.)